

Oh One One by Once_In_A_Lifetime_Or_4Ever

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Summary:

Mike Wheeler is a kid with big dreams from the small town of Hawkins, Indiana. When his band, Masters of Disasters, moves to LA to pursue their dreams of making it big he suddenly finds himself attracted to 011's lead singer, the new "it" rocker band's member who only performs randomly in new bars every Saturday. Her liquid amber eyes lined with Kohl and her pouty red stained lips hypnotize his entire being but why is it that his next door neighbor is never home and when they finally meet he's stuck on why she looks so familiar.

Duh duh DUHHHHH!

Music AU

Oh One One

Author's Note:

New AU, hope you like it.

Still working on Ours, but had this guy stuck in my head.

Smoke filled his senses as he glared at the neon lights Michael Wheeler also known as Mike was currently waiting for his band outside a dirty alley of the bar that was across the street to their new Los Angeles apartment. The warm air somehow reminding him that he was no longer home, home was known as Indiana Hawkins to be exact.

He remembered how shocked his parents had been when he had told them that he was leaving Hawkins, not to go to college but to pursue a silly dream of being a rocker. Yeah, his group of friends wasn't the coolest of the bunch but they wanted to pursue their dream of singing and playing music they loved, of being known for what they really loved. His father had laughed at his face, "You a rocker? Michael, please be serious."

His mother had cried, "What about college? What about all the work that you've put into all those science experiments and the science fairs? Don't they mean anything to you? His mother had also exclaimed, "What will everybody think of you and your friends?"

But what his parents hadn't known that they had stopped playing Dungeons and Dragons years ago, that Dustin had found his father's band equipment and they had started to find joy in music.

Instead of AV Club after school every day, they had stuck to weekly AV meetings and the reason of the days they would go into Dustin's shed, and play music, learning how to use the instruments that his runaway father had left in the dust.

They had started getting serious around junior year; they had all gotten jobs, saving money to leave their hometown. And now all piled up in a 3-bedroom apartment working day jobs and trying to

get gigs during the night, so far they had been in LA for 3 weeks. Only one bar had allowed them to play and they would be doing their gig in the next few days so the gang had agreed to check out the place and feel the vibe.

He was the first one to get to the bar, his day job consisted of being a barista at one of the coffee shops near the busiest streets of LA his 8 am shift making it easy for him to complete his 8-hour workday.

He had gone “home” to the apartment complex that they were currently able to afford and changed out of his coffee-stained black uniform.

From 6 pm to 8:30 pm he had been tuning his guitar and his vocal cords. His voice was in need of some warm-ups since he knew that playing in front of a new crowd made him nervous. Back in Indiana, they would sneak away during the weekends to play at college bars surrounding Indiana U. The moment he would strum his guitar the world faded away and he was no longer frog face Wheeler.

The sound of Dustin’s laugh made him aware that he was still pressed against the dirty alley wall. He found his friends walking across the street and quickly pushed off the wall and called them over.

“Mike! We thought you’d be inside by now.” Will called out, he was their pianist having had technical training from when his Mom had had him on house arrest the year he had gotten lost in the woods and continued to his mother’s delight to do it throughout high school.

Mike shrugged and they turned to the nearly empty line waiting outside the bar’s entrance, no bouncer was stationed outside since it was still fairly early.

“So I worked on some new drumming beats today, I’ll need you input Lucas,” Dustin stated as Lucas nodded. Dustin was their drummer; having inherited his father’s musical genes while Lucas was their bassists.

Mike checked his watch and saw that it would nearly be 10 pm, he gestured for the boys to go in. The few people in line gave them a bored look and continued talking, probably waiting for the line to get

longer and the bouncer to get there to look cool as they were the first in line.

Inside the bar or as LA peopled called it the “Lounge” was dark, smoke filled the air as a group of girls were setting up on stage. They looked average wearing denim skirts and holed up black tees.

Will and Dustin wandered to the bar, looking for the sound manager as Lucas and Mike wandered around looking at the dark blue walls and the black beat up furniture.

“Let’s get a table.” He said to Lucas who nodded towards one of the tables near the front.

Tonight they would be conducting an experiment. Seeing who came in and what the crowd reacted to, slow jams or harder more upbeat tunes. Will made his way back with large glasses filled with a dark colored liquid.

“Colas, boys!” Will stated gleefully. Lucas snorted and grabbed some of his hands and settled them on the table.

“Dustin is talking to Jerry, the guy is excited to hear us live tomorrow. He really liked the mixtape we put together.” Will spoke, his eyes happily looking around.

Mike felt butterflies in his chest, this was the start, he thought to himself. In no way did he think he could be better than any of the indie bands they currently admired but those bands had started the same way he and his friends were starting now.

Small bars with low lights and cheap beverages filled with drunk and hazed crowds that idolized the people on the stages.

The guys who Will had said was the manager made his way over with an excited Dustin in tow.

“Boys! The Disaster Masters! What’s cooking!” The stage manager Jerry asked and Mike and Lucas winced at the mistake the guys made of their band name.

“Masters of Disasters actually,” Lucas said and stretched his hand out,

Jerry instantly shaking it.

“I’m Lucas and this guy is Mike, our lead guitarist, and vocalist.” Lucas gestured to Mike, he reached his hand out and Jerry let go of Lucas’ hand and shook his hand.

“Mike! What a voice! Raspy and mellow, you are going to make these boys right here famous! I said it first so remember me when you’re being interviewed by the Rolling Stone! Okay?” Jerry said looking at them like he had rehearsed and said this to every band that walked through his door.

For Jerry, they were free entertainment for his bar so he could careless if they were famous or not, he only cared that they sounded decent and he had stated so the first time they had met a week ago.

“So, I got to jet, the band that is playing tonight is not here yet but their people are setting up so I should go give them a call,” Jerry said as he left them alone.

“So, cool guy, right?” Dustin said raising his eyebrows and trying to make them feel more at ease.

Will nodded as Mike and Lucas shared a look. They were beggars so they couldn’t really choose to be picky about where they would be performing just yet.

As they settled down and spoke among themselves, the Lounge as Mike now referred to the low lighted bar was starting to fill up. Girls in skimpy outfits flirted with the tall guys at the bar area, some were gathered around the tables and open areas. Some punks were seated in the booths, their hair all gelled up into hazardous Mohawks. A group of girls in dark denim were cloistered up beside them giggling and whispering to each other with notepads and markers in their hands. As if ready to ask for autographs to whoever was performing tonight.

The lights seemed to dim and Mike and the boys turned their heads to the stage which now was covered by a blue velvet curtain a tiny space open at the bottom not really touching the floor.

As a pair of black platform military boots and a pair of beat-up white Converse tennis shoes appeared the whole room exploded into white noise mingled with the screams of the girls beside them.

To Mike, it seemed that everything slowed down. His ears started to ring as he took in the crowd that had been spread out two seconds ago race towards the stage.

The punks at the booths were now standing atop the booth chairs, the people at the bar pressed against their backs and the door now covered by a big guy who was probably the bouncer as people tried to enter the lounge.

“It’s HER!!” The group beside them now yelled now awed and startling the boys.

The boys looked at each other in amazement as the chill Lounge now felt like the concerts they’d show clips of on MTV.

“Who are they?” Lucas yelled into the now buzzing room. Lucas had directed the question to his fellow friends and bandmates but one of the girls beside them turned around and with disbelief started at him.

“Are you crazy, it’s 011!” She yelled and the boys seemed surprised by the level of adoration in the girl’s angry voice.

“Who?” Will said pointing at the shoes who stood behind the curtains.

“011! It’s the hottest band with the lead singer Eleven. They pronounce their band name as ‘Oh One One’.” The girl said. “Her bandmates are so cool, there’s Max the lead bassist, Jay their drummer and Tali the coolest pianist. Oh and Eleven also plays the guitar, she is like our idol!” The brunette stated to the boys but quickly shut up as a few chords started to play.

Mike and the gang looked forward, waiting to see who these cool chicks were and they wanted to know how they could get to the level of excitement they seemed to emit.

A hush fell over the now overcrowded bar as the intro to a song was being played on the drums and keyboard.

The curtains lifted and Mike gasped as his eyes fell over the awe-striking brunette who owned the worn out chucks, she stepped forward. Her mouth an angry red eyes smudged with black kohl, eyes glistening in the low lights and hair gelled back to reveal a long graceful neck.

The words that tumbled from her lips made Mike stand there hypnotized under her spell as she sang with all she had to give. Her small form being swallowed by a giant biker jacket and fishnet stockings peaking under her black shapeless long shirt that fell past her thighs. Even under all the loose fitting clothes, her beauty struck Mike wordless.

Her eyes roamed the crowd, softly curling her lip into an arrogant yet gentle smile. As if she knew the power she had and how she was zombifying the crowd, turning them into her loyal minions.

Her head snapped backward as her bandmate seized her mic. It was only then that Mike realized that the black boots belonged to a fiery redhead. Her other band mates now sharing the stage with the badass looking brunette.

“Make some noise for ELEVEN” The girl he now remembered the groupie had called Max yelled into the mic.

At that command, the room erupted into louder screams, this time Mike and the boys joining them. Feeling the excitement in the air as the crowd seemed to beg for more music.

This seemed to have captured the lead singer’s attention, her eyes snapping to Mike’s and he felt his whole world tilt over. Her eyes seemed to glaze over as she looked at him and recognition seemed to appear in her amber colored eyes and she blushed suddenly forgetting where she was.

Mike was stupefied. Who was she? Had they met before, she looked at him as if she recognized him from somewhere.

At the same moment, the redhead caught the exchange and quickly whispered into the brunette’s ear and the brunette snapped out of the weird trance. Her faced morphed into the mask she had been wearing

before, one of an aloof star.

The rest of the night passed in a blur, the girl named Eleven never made eye contact with him again and his friends had been whispering among themselves. Trying to coax Mike to brainstorm about their upcoming gig. How could they reach the peak the girl group now radiated, how could they compete with their level of coolness?

In a blink of an eye she had been standing in front of him and his friends and the next second she was gone. People had started to pour out onto the street, trying to catch one more glimpse of 011 as they made their getaway in a white van.

Mike tentatively reached out to the groupie that had talked to them before. Sweat caking his hair to his forehead, heat rising into his cheeks as he relived the moment Eleven and he had shared.

“Will they be back here again?” He asked the noise now making it easier to talk.

The boys looked over at Mike and the girl with interest as another band started to play, the crowd was now mellowed out not really screaming. As if 011 had taken all of their energy with them as they had left.

“Who knows? They play at random bars every weekend. But I hope they come back, they are the coolest.” The girl stated.

Mike nodded, his friends now gesturing to the bar as they left Mike there with the brunette.

“Oh, um cool. So how can I know where they’ll be next?” Mike asked feeling embarrassed at asking so many questions.

“Flyers are scattered around LA hitting at which corner they’ll be next so it could be multiple lounges you’re looking at. We usually just go with our gut feeling. And tonight it was here.” She answered, batting her lashes.

Mike nodded feeling uncomfortable with her tone of voice and how her hand now touched his arm.

“Cool, I’m gonna go. My friends and I are going to be plying her next week. Maybe you can come with your friends?” He asked her.

“Cool! You’re in a band too! Okay, well if 011 doesn’t have a show, we’ll come!” She assured Mike.

Will called his name and Mike waved goodbye.

“Dude! You should have gotten her number!” Dustin said wiggling his eyebrows.

The other boys snickered and nodded.

Mike sighted too drained to put up with their crap.

“Let’s just go home.” He said, leading them out, his mind filled with too many questions.

Author's Note:

So how was it? Let me know :)